

Batchelors-Hall.

14

11631.2

A

POEM.

By GEORGE WEBB, Native of
PHILADELPHIA.

*Si non hic tantus fructus, ostenderetur, & si ex
his studiis delectatio sola peteretur; tamen ut
opinor, hanc summi remissionem humanissimam
ac liberalissimam judicaretis: Nam hæc studia
adolescenciam alunt, senectutem oblectant.*

Tull. pro Archia Poetar.



PHILADELPHIA

Printed and Re-printed in DUBLIN, for James ROBERTSON

MEMORANDUM

BY GEORGE W. F. NAYLOR





TO THE
BACHELORS.

GENTLEMEN,

I Cou'd not possibly be long in considering under whose Protection to throw the following Lines, for to whom shou'd BACHELOR's-HALL belong, but to the BACHELORS?

There is also another Reason, no less just in it self, than advantageous to AUTHORS. You are generally speaking, young Gentlemen of the best Fortunes, and the greatest Abilities in your COUNTRY; and consequently best capable of judging, protecting or en-

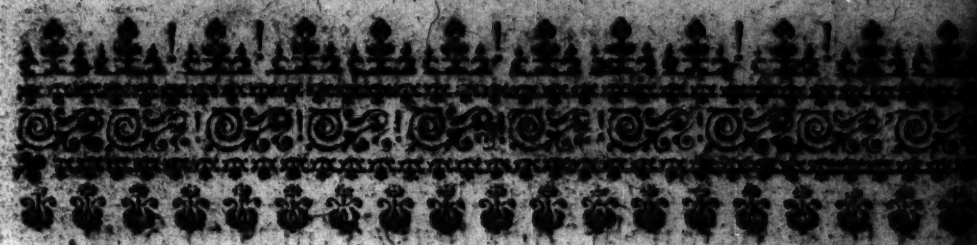
encouraging that which deserves it. I am
not so vain as to imagine this Piece in it
self deserves either; but the Attempt
is what I willingly wou'd have com-
mended, and shou'd be glad to see imi-
tated: And here I am sure of the Sen-
timents of one of you, Gentlemen, on
my Side, whom I my self with Pleasure
have heard say, *That every rude ESSAY
towards Wit and Politeness ought to be
encouraged in so young a Country as ours.*

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your humble Servant,

George Webb.



A
P O E M
T O , T H E
A U T H O R .

I N ancient *Greece* the Muses flourish'd long,
Inspiring *Homer* with his lofty Song ;
From thence to *Rome* they took a generous flight,
Maro was theirs, and they were his Delight,
Then tow'ring high, to reach immortal Fame,
They saw the Rocks, whence *Albion* took it's
Name :

The Prospect pleas'd; they thither stretch'd a
Wing,

And sweetly taught *Britannia's* Sons to Sing.

Had not the tuneful Nine to *England* come,

Th' ingenious AUTHOR had been born in *Rome*:

For in the Place the Muses most adorn,

The lovely BARD was fated to be born :

For him this Western World was timely found,

That on a *Virgin Shore* his Song might Sound.

Cœlestial Mansions, and the Muse presage,

His Genius, rising with encreasing Age,

Will such bright Spark, and lucid Beams dis-

perse,

Such open Scenes of Learning, Wit and Verse,

As will a Thousand generous Youths inspire,

To court the Muse, and feel Poetick Fire.

Let

Let *Europe* then confess declining Days.
Content with Fame, and so resign the Bays.
From Eastern Regions, see, the Muse invades
Our fragrant Groves, and Occidental Shades.

J. TAYLOR.





Batchelors-Hall, &c.

O SPRING, thou fairest Season of the
Year,

How lovely soft, how sweet dost thou appear!
What pleasing Landskips court the ravish'd
Eye!

How beauteous Nature does with Nature vie;
Gay Scenes around the Fancy does invite,
And universal Beauty prompts to write:
But chiefly that proud Dome on *Del'ware's*
Stream,

Of this my humble Song, the nobler Theme,
Claim

Claims all the Tribute of these rural Lay;
And tunes, ev'ry manly Voice to sing his
Praise;

Say, Goddess, tell me, for to thee is known
What is, what was, and what shall e're be
done;

Why stands this Dome erected on the Plain:
For Pleasure was it built, or else for Gain:
For midnight Revels was it ever thought,
Shall impious Doctrines ever here be taught:
Or else for nobler Purposes design'd,
To cheer the Soul and cultivate the Mind:
With mutual Love each glowing Breast inspire,
Or cherish Friendship's now-degenerate Fire?
Say, Goddess, say, do thou the Truth reveal,
Say what was the Design, if good or ill.

Tir'd with the Business of the noisy Town,
The weary Batchelors their Cares disown;

For this lov'd Seat they all at once prepare,
And long to breath the Sweets of Country Air;
On nobler Thoughts their active Minds employ,

And a select Variety enjoy.

'Tis not a Revel, or lascivious Night,
That to this Hall the Batchelors invite;
Much less shall impious Doctrines here be
taught,

Blush ye Accusers at the very Thought :
Mysterious Nature here unveil'd shall be,
And knotty Points of deep Philosophy ;
Whatever Wonders undiscover'd are,
Deep hid in Earth, or floating high in Air,
Tho' in the darkest Womb of Night involv'd,
Shall by the curious Searcher here be solv'd.
Close to the Dome a Garden shall be join'd,
A fit Employment for a studious Mind :

In our vast Woods whatever Simples grow,
Whose Virtues none, or none but *Indians*

Know,
Within the Confines of this Garden brought;
To rise with added Lustre shall be taught;
Then cull'd with Judgment each shall yield its
Juice,

Salif'rous Balsam for the sick Man's Use:
A longer date of Life, Mankind shall boast,
And Death shall mourn her ancient Empire
lost.

But yet sometimes the all-inspiring Bowl
To Laughter shall provoke, and cheer the
Soul;

The jocund Tale to Humour shall invite,
And dedicate to Wit, a jovial Night:
Not the false Wit, the cheated World admires,
The Mirth of Sailors, or of Country Squires:

Nor

Nor the grave Punsler's, whose quick Sense af-
fords

Nought but a miserable Play on Words ;

Nor the grave *Quidnunc's*, whose enquiring
Head

With musty Scraps of Journals must be fed :

But condescending, genuine, apt and fit ;

Good Nature is the Parent of true Wit ;

Tho' gay, not loose ; tho' learned, yet still
clear ;

Tho' bold, yet modest ; humane, tho' severe ;

Tho' nobly thirsting after honest Fame,

In spite of Wit's Temptation keeping Friend-
ship's Name.

O Friendship, heavenly Flame ! by far above

The ties of Nature, or of dearer Love :

How

How beauteous are thy Paths! how well de-
sign'd

To sooth the wretched Mortal's restless Mind
By thee inspir'd, we wear a Soul sedate,
And cheerful tread the thorny Paths of Fate,

Then Musick too shall cheer this fair Abode;
Musick, the sweetest of the Gifts of God;
Musick, the Language of propitious Love;
Musick, that things inanimate, can move.
Ye Winds be hush'd, let no presumptuous
Breeze

Not dare to whistle thro' the rustling Trees;
Thou * *Delaware*, a while forget to roar,
And let thy Waves rowl silent to the Shoar:
Be thy green Nymphs upon thy Surface found,
And let thy Stagnant Waves confess the sound:

* The River of *Philadelphia*, and one of the
finest in the World.

Let

Let thy attentive Fishes all be nigh ;
For Fish were always Friends to Harmony :
Witness the Dolphin which *Arion* bore,
And landed safely on his Native Shore.

Let doating Criticks snarl, let noisy Zeal
Tax this Design with Act, or Thought of ill ;
Let narrow Souls their rigid Morals boast,
Till in the shadowy Name the Vertue's lost ;
Let Envy strive their Character to blast,
And Fools despise the Sweets they cannot taste.
This certain Truth let the Enquirer know,
It did from good and generous Motives flow.

NO 25 58

F I N I S.

